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## THE HEART OF FIRE; MOTHER VERSUS DAUGHTER. A REVELATION OF CHICAGO LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

Author of "The Ace of Spades," "The Scarlet Hand," "The Witches of New York," Etc.

### CHAPTER V.

Wirt followed the directions of his friend and looked across the street. As Kelford had said, the girl had left the window. In the back of the store she was hidden from view.

"She will go home soon."

"Yes," Kelford replied, "she has worked later than usual to-night. She generally starts for home about nine."

"Where does she live?"

"Across the river, on the west side, in Halstead street near Madison."

"What is your object in watching her go home?"

"First, for the pleasure of looking at her. You've no idea how prettily she trips along the street; and, secondly, because fate may throw in my way, on her homeward path, a chance to become better acquainted with her."

Wirt looked inquiringly.

"It is just possible that some drunken fellow coming from one of the saloons some night, and seeing her—a young and pretty girl—alone and unprotected, may offer her insult."

"Ah, I see!" cried his companion. "In that case you will come to the rescue, ruffian, offer the lady your arm, and see her safely to her own door, thereby becoming acquainted with her, and perhaps receiving an invitation to call upon her at some future time?"

"Exactly!" laughed the lover.

"Well, upon my soul, you are the queerest of lovers. You are actually wishing that your lady-love should be insulted by some ruffian!"

"But you understand the reason why, do you not?"

"What a pity that fate can't send the fellow, and give you a chance to accomplish your design. But, by Jove, I've got it!" cried Wirt. "Look at me," and he pulled his black felt hat down over one eye in a rakish manner. "I'm the ruffian!"

Kelford stared at his friend in astonishment, and shook his head. "It's a failure, Wirt; you don't look like a rough."

"Well, a Wabash avenue sport on a tear! How is that?"

"Very good; but, your plan?"

"To lay in wait in some dark spot on Madison street till the girl comes along; then pretend to be a little 'how come you so' and speak to her. You can be right behind her; step up; I'll apologize; you can offer the lady your arm, galivant her home, and win her eternal gratitude."

Kelford could not help laughing as Wirt developed his idea.

"I've a mind to try your plan."

"That's right!" cried Wirt, who dearly loved a joke. "If my memory serves me, there's a rather dark block about this time of the night, just after you pass Desplaines street. That will suit our purpose excellently. I'll just wait here until the girl comes out, so that I can see what sort of a

dress she has on; it wouldn't do to make a mistake in the female, you know."

"That would be rather awkward!"

"Yes, particularly if she should happen to have some big brother behind her."

"In that case your friendship for me would cost you a thrashing," Kelford said, laughing.

"Not a bit of it!" cried Wirt. "As I heard the comedian, Dillon, say at the Museum one night, 'my legs have been too well brought up to see my body abused.' I can run like a greyhound!"

"She'll be out soon. She wears a slate-colored dress and a waterproof!"

"You're well posted, ain't you?" rejoined Wirt, smiling. "You're as bad as my governor; he's awful spooney, as the boys say, on some young female."

"What, old Captain Middough? Is it possible that he is going to marry at his time of life?"

"It looks like it," replied the other.

"Who is the lady that he has chosen? Do I know her?"

"I don't think you do, or any one else, except the old gentleman himself. I fancy from some few remarks that he made just before sailing on this last trip, that his present wife is, like your lady-love, a poor girl. He didn't say much, but the drift of his words led me to think so. He spoke about painted dolls—fingering at some of our acquaintances on the avenue—and said that the only true womanhood now-a-days was to be met with in the homes of the lower classes. Of course I agreed with him. I always let him have his own way as long as it didn't interfere with me. Then, after a time, he spoke about the old marrying the young—asked if I thought that a young girl could love an old man; of course, I saw instantly what he was driving at, and didn't commit myself. Then the very next day he asked me how I was situated in worldly matters, and told me, deliberately, that I mustn't expect too much from him, as it was just possible that he might take it into his head to marry some fine day; and the jolly old fresh-water sailor looked ten years younger, from joy, I suppose, at the prospect before him."

"A joke, eh?" said Bertrand, coolly. "All traces of his late terror had disappeared. He surveyed the face of the beautiful, golden-haired sprite before him. There was a peculiar look in his dark eyes, but it was not curiosity that shone therein.

"Yes, sir, only a joke."

"Ah!" Now there was a peculiar sound in the voice of the ex-Confederate captain. The "ah" sounded like a sneer.

"You are very brave, sir," said the girl, looking cunningly in the face of the stranger, and trying the whole effect of her magnificence upon him.

"Do you think so?" said Bertrand, carelessly, and looking into her blue eyes with as much unconcern as if they had been of

### CHAPTER VI.

A TIGER THAT SHEDS ITS SKIN.

As Bertrand Tasnor looked in the mirror that hung on the wall before him, and saw reflected there the glittering knife and the upraised hand of the woman ready to strike him, he felt that he was nigher death than he had ever been before in all his stormy career. Cold drops of sweat started out in big beads upon his forehead; he seemed petrified with horror; his limbs were powerless. In the glass he saw clearly the fierce blue eyes of the girl, now tinged black with passion.

The suspense lasted but a moment, although it seemed hours to the threatened man.

The girl saw that, by the aid of the looking-glass, her position was revealed to the stranger.

Quick as thought the expression of her face changed; the tiger became a woman.

With a low, musical laugh, she tossed the knife over the bar; the weapon struck the floor with a heavy clang.

The noise seemed to dissolve the spell that had fettered with its magic power the iron limbs of Bertrand. He wheeled around in his chair and faced the woman, who now stood smiling sweetly in his face. The pupil of the eye had contracted again, and naught could be read there but peace and gentleness.

"Only a joke, sir," said in the low, sweet voice that was so full of liquid music, "I only wished to see if you could be frightened easily. I knew that you could see me in the glass. It was a foolish thing for me to do, but I could not resist the impulse. I hope you will forgive me, sir." And she dropped a low courtesy as she spoke.

The landlord behind the bar, who had been transfixed by amazement at this strange scene, shook his head and muttered to himself:

"Cuss me, ef I didn't think the gal had gone crazy, an' was a-goin' for to stick him right in the back. Ef she had, he'd never known what hurt him, for Lurie's got an arm just like steel, Little as it is," he said.

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"Do you think so?" said Bertrand, carelessly, and looking into her blue eyes with as much unconcern as if they had been of

colored glass. The subtle magnetism of the orbs was evidently thrown away upon the steel-nerved stranger.

"Yes, you did not move at all; you did not even wink. You must have looked death in the face many times to see it apparently so near without fear," and the girl came nearer to Bertrand, and rested her arm on the back of his chair.

"Possibly it was because I hardly had time to realize that I was in danger. Who would expect danger to come from a fair little hand like this one?" and Bertrand took one of Lurie's hands within his own.

The girl shuddered, despite herself, when the bronzed hand of the "ex-Road Agent" closed over her taper fingers. She felt as if grasped by a corpse. A sickening sensation of fear crept over her soul. Her heart was chilled with terror, yet it was a heart of fire, where passion's flame burnt unchecked and unrestrained. The white eyelids, fringed by the long, golden lashes, came down on the pale cheek.

A look of fierce joy—of triumph—glared in the full, dark eyes of Bertrand as he noticed this agitation.

"What's the matter, little one? Your hand trembles in mine," he said, in his usual cold, impassible way.

"Your hand is so cold; it is like ice," she answered, withdrawing her own from his grasp.

"A cold hand, eh?"

"Yes."

"That signifies that I have a warm heart—you know the saying?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe in it?"

"I do not know."

The girl seemed strangely ill at ease.

"What do you think?" Bertrand was curious.

"I have never thought about it," she said, simply.

"Ah, that is because you are so young; when you are older—when you fall in love with some dashing young fellow—then you may think about it; and mind, remember my words, a cold hand and a warm heart always go together." As Bertrand spoke he watched the face of the girl, coveringly, not so she could detect his watching; watched her as eagerly as the eagle does the quarry that he is about to swoop down upon.

His words seemed to lift a weight from the mind of the girl. She breathed easier, and a quick flash of delight passed rapidly over her face. The keen eye of Bertrand caught the expression, and an odd smile appeared about the corners of his mouth.

"How old do you think I am?" she asked.

"It is hard for me to guess," he said, slowly; "the age of a woman is so difficult to guess sometimes. Why, I have met women of thirty-four who did not look a day older than a girl of eighteen."

Again the look of fear came over Lurie's face as Bertrand spoke. Yet he uttered the words carelessly, as if he attached no particular meaning to them. But, again, the peculiar smile was on his face as he noted the effect of his words. The shot that he had aimed had struck home.

"But," continued Bertrand, "I should think that you were about eighteen, or perhaps not as old as that. Am I right?"

"Yes," she said. Again his words had lifted the shadow from her being that his former speech had cast there.

"I thought I could guess your age correctly."

"You do not feel angry with me for my joke with the knife?" she said.

"Angry with you? Of course not," he replied, quickly.

"I am glad of that, for I have taken quite a fancy to you, and of course I wish to be friends with you," and she looked up into his face again with the blue eyes, now so mild in their tenderness.

"Oh, we are friends—the best of friends," Bertrand said, smoothly; but there was a metallic ring in his voice that grated harshly on the ear of the girl.

The secret instincts of her soul told her that, despite his fair words, Bertrand Tasnor was an enemy and no friend to her.

"Let us be better acquainted," she said, in her simple way. "My name is Lurie Casper; what is yours?"

"My name?" said Bertrand, with a peculiar look upon his handsome features.

"Yes, you do not mind my knowing it?"

"No, of course not. My name is Gilbert Smith."

The blue eyes cast a quick glance at him from under their golden lashes, but he did not seem to notice it; he, whose quick eye nothing escaped.

Bertrand drank his ale at a single draught.

"Now," he said, rising, "I should like to see my room. I am pretty well tired out, and shall sleep sound to-night."

The tiger look was in the blue eyes of the girl, as she spoke, but in a second it faded out.

"Yes, sir," she said. "Rick!"

In answer to her call a hunchback boy entered the room—a wee, little fellow, with a withered-up face and an attenuated form. Though puny and feeble in body, he apparently was not so badly off in mind, for the little yellow-gray eyes, that peeped out from the shock of bright red hair, that covered the head and hung low down on the forehead, had a gleam of intelligence in them.

"Rick," said the girl, "show this gentleman to No. 10."

"Yes, missus," said the boy, in a shrill and feeble voice. Then he held the door open for the stranger to pass through.

"Good-night, Miss Lurie; I shall see you in the morning?" said Bertrand, moving toward the door.

"Yes," the girl answered, a strange expression upon her features.

"Well, good-night, Dot," Bertrand said. A stifled cry came from the girl's throat; she reeled, and but for the support of Bertrand's arm, who sprung to her side, she would have fallen.

"What's the matter?" he asked, apparently astonished at the girl's sudden faintness; yet there was a gleam of triumph in his eyes that did not suit with his words.

"A sudden faintness—that is all," Lurie murmured, with blanched lips. "What did you call me?" she asked, slowly.

"Why, Dot; you are a dot of a girl, you know," Bertrand said, with a frank and open air.

"I felt faint, just as you spoke; I—I did not hear what you said exactly, but I fancied that you called me by some other name than my own of Lurie." The face of the girl, as she spoke, was as white as the face of one dead.

"It was only a fancy of mine, that's all. Good-night." Bertrand left the room, followed by the boy, a smile of triumph on his face.

The landlord had watched all with a curious eye.

"He knows me, father! He will be my ruin!" Lurie cried, with flashing eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

GUARDING AGAINST THE BLOW.

BERTRAND followed his odd-looking guide, Rick, up-stairs. The hunchback carried in his hand a small coal-oil lamp, the light from which illuminated the entry, though but dimly.

As Bertrand followed up the creaky stairs, strange thoughts were in his mind.

"Have I acted prudently?" he muttered, to himself, with an overcast brow: "prudently?" and a smile curled the corners of his mouth. "That's a strange word to come from the lips of Captain Death, as my poor fellows out in the mines used to call me. But now I am not in Colorado or Montana, but in Chicago; here I will not meet open force from my foes, but secret cunning. Was it wise to let this golden-haired devil—for she is one—see that I had guessed her secret? I could not resist the impulse to call her by the old, old name

"Not much, you bet!" replied the boy, emphatically.

"What does this window look out on?"

"The back yard."

"Let me see," said Bertrand, reflectively; "we are on the second-story, ain't we?"

"Yes, the second above the saloon," the boy answered.

"How far is it from that window to the ground?"

"About thirty foot."

"Into the yard?"

"Yes."

"Any dog in the yard?"

"Yes, a big bulldog—such a rouser."

"I suppose he would attack any stranger in the yard?"

"You bet!" cried Rick, decidedly.

"He 'bout gobbled up a country chap from Peoria 't other night, wot out there."

"What's his name?"

"Pete; but 'tain't no use for any one fur to call him, 'cos it he don't know 'em he'd only fly at 'em ten times worse," said Rick.

Bertrand laughed quietly at the boy's speech. He saw that the quick-witted lad, who was not near as great a fool as he looked, had guessed the reason why he wished to know the name of the dog.

"You are bright, my lad, to guess a man's thoughts so quickly."

The boy smiled at the compliment. Kind words were rare to him.

"Is there any other door to this room?" Bertrand asked.

The boy hesitated a moment before he answered the question.

"No, mister," he said, at length.

"He is lying now," Bertrand said to himself. "I must win his confidence."

"By the way, Rick, I'm thirsty; can you get me about a pint of ale?" he said, aloud, and taking a ten-cent "stamp" from his pocket-book.

"Yes, mister." Rick took the money and left the room.

After the door closed behind the hunchback, Bertrand rose and commenced an examination of the apartment. Carefully he scrutinized all the walls.

The boy was speaking truth, after all," he said, when he had completed his search, and stood leaning on the table; "there is no other door, yet I could have sworn that he was speaking falsely. But, let me examine this door."

A single glance showed him that it had a stout bolt upon it. He closed it and shot the bolt into its socket. It held, the door firmly.

"Nothing wrong about that," he said; "no other door, either, and this one can not be forced without making some noise. I can not understand it," he said, softly and thoughtfully. "I have a presentiment that, if I go to sleep upon that bed to-night, I shall wake either in heaven or in the lower place—most probably the latter, if the doctrines that the ministers preach be true. But, to murder me my assassin must first get into the room—get into it without alarming me—for the assassin that will seek my life knows that it is my custom to go armed; but now I have it even a penknife upon me. One by one I have parted with my weapons that I might live. My bowie-knife kept me two days, my revolver a whole week, and now I am in the hands of the Philistines, helpless. But my foe doesn't know that I am weaponless. The game will be to enter this room without waking me; how can that be done?"

For a few minutes Bertrand puzzled over the question. His eyes wandered around the walls seeking an answer. "By Jove! I have it!" he cried, at last. "No door in the wall, but perhaps a trap-door in the floor. Now for another search."

Bertrand examined the floor thoroughly, even moving the bed from its place, but no dark lines denoting the presence of a trap-door met his eye. He knitted his brows in anger. Captain Death did not like to be beaten.

"Ah, this puzzles me!" he exclaimed; "the walls do not conceal a secret entrance, nor the floor; perhaps the ceiling may."

But the low, whitewashed ceiling that met his eye was as free from suspicious circumstances as the wall or floor.

"Bah! I am baffled!" he cried, a tinge of anger in his voice; then he resumed his former seat on the foot of the bed.

"The boy though, may know, and if so, he shall speak!"

Hardly had the words died away when Rick entered with a pitcher of ale and a glass.

"Only one glass?" cried Bertrand, as the boy closed the door, after depositing the articles on the table.

"On!" exclaimed the hunchback, in astonishment; "why, you don't want to drink out of two glasses at the same time, do you, mister?"

"No, the other glass is for you, my little man," replied Bertrand.

"What! me drink with you?" Rick cried, in amazement.

"Of course," Bertrand filled up the glass, and offered it to the boy. "Come, drink."

"Arter you, mister," said Rick, delighted at the honor.

"No, you first. I am the host, you the guest, and should drink first," exclaimed Bertrand.

The hunchback drained the glass.

Bertrand watched him keenly.

"And now tell me, is there not some secret way of getting into this room?"

"Yes," answered the hunchback, in a whisper.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 30.)

### TO HER.

BY ST. JOHN.

New quiet, alone, with my own heart communing,  
Darling at peace, at the midnight still;  
Slowly the hours are the midnight consumming,  
High in the East the dark mountains are looming;  
Over them all the dear star-flowers are blooming,  
And fair are the visions that carelessly fit.

Oh, darling! my thoughts are of you, and the glory  
That springs from your eyes, the pure soul's true  
reflection;

Of the love that I bear you, so blessed and holy,  
Of the heart that I gave you completely and wholly,  
Of the strength of my manhood given up to you  
solely;

Of the joys that will follow in glad introspection!

Dear loved one! Not words can interpret the  
passion;

That surges and beats against my heart like strong  
waves!

No pen can find that will write its expression,

No pencil can give it its fadestless impression,

No voice, in an anguish of contrite confession,

Is sublimer in depth than the love my heart pays

See, darling! oh, see! the morning's first glances!

The sable of night flies arieghtened away!

The bright star-day in great glory advances,

'Tis the star of our love, in my conquering fancies

Now, the sun of fruition, with myriad lances,

And the morn of affection melts into the day!

### \$50,000 Reward:

OR,

### THE ROMANCE OF A RUBY RING.

A PHILADELPHIA HISTORY AND MYSTERY.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF "MASKED MINER," "UNDER MAIL," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### THE GLEAM OF A KNIFE.

LADY MAUD started back and endeavored to shrink away as poor Sadie Sayton fell at her feet, and clasping her arms around her form, moaned out:

"Oh, pity me—pity me! Oh, say that you have come to release me!"

"Why, why, my child, what is the matter? Do not be alarmed," continued the woman, in a milder tone and gentler voice than she had used for years.

"Oh, madam! I want to go away from here. I am dying for air, and—and—I am so wretched!" and as the tears fell from her eyes she clung to the Lady Maud more closely than ever.

The woman seemed more confused than ever; and then a soft shade grew over her naturally hard countenance. Despite the low light burning in the chandelier, she could see the sad, appealing face of the poor girl distinctly enough to let her know that there was much heart-suffering showing there.

But the Lady Maud answered not a word. There was a storm of wild emotion in her bosom. She was remembering other and happier days—she was recalling vividly other scenes of the past, when she was a—

Eagerly she listened for a moment, and then she raised her head. A smile was upon her face—one of satisfaction, almost of joy.

"No! no!" she muttered, "she lives, and poor thing, she must have air!" she said.

She stepped immediately to the door, and gently opened it. The cool current swept into the warm, stifling room, rushed over the pallid face, and fanned back the waywarding hair.

The Lady Maud returned to the bed, and undid the fastenings around the throat of the poor girl—unbuttoned the tightly-fitting body, and spread open the snowy bosom, that the cool air might have full play.

As the woman placed her hand in the bosom to draw aside the clothing, she started and drew back.

She had dislodged from its hiding-place a small, slender, pearl-handled dagger.

Lady Maud took it up, glanced at it, and held it up in the light.

A dark smile—one of triumph—crept over her face and she quickly unsheathed the bright blade, and gripped the handle more firmly. She bent over the girl, and gazed down almost gloatingly upon the swelling bosom, so splendid—so glorious in its dead-white beauty, showing in the pale light.

"Would it not be well to send this dagger down deep into this stainless bosom? I know where the heart is!" Then indeed she would be safe from all harm. Poor girl from my heart I pity her; and I would shield her from this monster! This, this is THE ONLY WAY!"

She suddenly drew back the knife, until the bright blade flashed in the light.

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### SIGNS OF MUTINY.

But the woman checked the vengeful yet pitying stroke. She turned her arm slowly aside, and gazed at the girl so helplessly as innocent.

"No, no, poor child! There may yet be

bright future for you. I'll leave you this weapon. Oh, my child! see to it that you

use it well in your defense! For the tempter comes! He who would force you to wed him for gold! Bury it in his heart, and then a righteous retribution will be meted out!"

"But—but—my dear madam, I—I

am not sick and yet—I feel faint!" moaned Sadie, as she suddenly tottered to her feet, and sunk down on the bed.

"Yes, you are sick," said the woman, at the same time drawing near and seating herself by the bed; "and you must keep quiet until the physician comes; he has been sent for."

Sadie groaned and buried her fair face in the pillow.

The Lady Maud glanced at her coverly, and despite the recent change in her features and in her voice, a shade of sorrow of yearning—lingered on her brow.

But she did not speak.

At length the girl turned her face toward her visitor, and, oh, how sad and touching was that face! She reached out one of her small, round hands, and laid it fearfully, tremblingly upon one of Lady Maud's.

"I—I am all alone in this great city," she murmured; "almost alone in the wide world. I have no one to befriend me here. And—and—I know it! I am the victim of some evil-disposed person or persons. Oh, madam, I never dreamed of sin, and—and you are of my sex! You have a heart in your bosom. Oh, pity me! pity my youth, pity my misfortune, and save me from dishonor!"

"Dishonor, child? You speak wildly.

What have you to fear here?" and she gazed Sadie in the face, though she started.

The poor maiden answered not; she simply glanced around the room at the warm-tinted paintings hanging on the walls; and then she carried her eyes back to the face of the Lady Maud.

Despite all she could do that woman let drop her own gaze, and a half shudder crept over her frame.

But she quickly rallied, and said, in a cold, heartless tone:

"You are prudish, girl; your rearing has been faulty. And—I can not help you!"

"Can not help me!" exclaimed the hunchback, in astonishment; "why, you don't want to drink out of two glasses at the same time, do you, mister?"

"No, the other glass is for you, my little man," replied Bertrand.

"What! me drink with you?" Rick cried, in amazement.

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"Arter you, mister," said Rick, delighted at the honor.

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"And now tell me, is there not some secret way of getting into this room?"

"Yes," answered the hunchback, in a whisper.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 30.)

trapped, and that I stand in need of help! Oh, God, stand by me!" and she sunk back slowly on the bed again.

Lady Maud turned quickly to her, and laid her hand upon the girl's fair tresses.

"I tell you, my child, be not alarmed. I know your history, at least, partially; I know that you came hither seeking a false lover—nay, do not interrupt me. I know that you now distrust this lover yourself. That man is false to you! He loves another—a poor, beggarly girl—a common thing—one forced to act upon the boards for the bread she eats! Now, my child, are young and beautiful; you can do better; you can have a richer suitor if you wish!"

And as she spoke she gazed intently into the fair face, shaded with its shining aurore, before her.

Sadie did not answer; she seemed stupefied, and she lay with her great blue eyes staring meaninglessly at the ceiling. She seemed scarcely to breathe.

Lady Maud still gazed at her, but would not interrupt the trooping thoughts, so dark and hideous, which were rioting through that young bosom.

She watched every quiver of the thin nostril—every twitching of the compressed lips, and she almost held her breath as she awaited the violent emotions to find vent and relief in words.

And Sadie still stared at the ceiling, and gradually the blood flowed away from her cheeks—then from her lips. A deadly pallor stole over her face, and then, as a low, anguished sigh moaned forth from her bosom, the girl's eyes slowly closed; and then, indeed, breathing seemed to cease.

Sadie had swooned.

Lady Maud suddenly arose to her feet, and lay her hand upon her bosom, over the heart. The woman started.

The woman started.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "is—is—the dead!" and then quickly leaning over, she placed her ear upon the almost pulseless breast.

Eagerly she listened for a moment, and then she raised her head. A smile was upon

"Give me the proof of this!" she gasped. "Give me the proof, or I'll brand you as a coward and a falsifier!"

Her eyes fairly blazed with angry lightning as she uttered the words above, nor did she remove her scintillating orbs from Wildfern's face.

The man sat upright at her vehemence, and the look of brutal admiration on his face grew intenser. But then he smiled again, scornfully, as he said:

"Methinks, my pretty one, you do not need much proof after what you beheld last night through the window of the old house! Ha! ha! You see, my girl, I know every thing!"

Sadie again shrunk away.

There was, indeed, but a faint hope that other proof of her lover's faithfulness would be required. She had not forgotten the sight she had seen in the house in Catherine street; she had not forgotten that in that house, so lonely, so deserted-like, she had seen Allan Hill holding in his arms a strange girl.

She shuddered, and her bosom heaved wildly; but she controlled herself as she said, in a low, decided tone:

"And yet, I must have other proof. Like me, he may have been the victim of design. No, no man! I'll not distrust him. I know he is true to me still!"

Wildfern paused, and bent his head before he replied. When he looked up he asked, in an eager tone:

"And so you would have further proof, eh? Let me know if he wore ornaments of value of any kind?" and he gazed her somewhat anxiously in the face.

Sadie did not answer at once. She had noted the quick, eager look—the anxious glitter in the man's eyes. But she was powerfully wrought upon; she was thinking of the diamond pin which she had given her lover, and the thought now rushed over her mind, that this man knew something of that lover's gift.

But, with her heart in her mouth, she faltered:

"Yes, yes; he wore a diamond scarf-pin; it was made in the shape of a hand," and she watched his face.

For an instant Wildfern quailed under that look, and he bent his head to conceal his emotion. When he looked up and replied, his words were very serious.

"Then that you shall be a proof for you," he said, decidedly. "He has given it to the girl he loves, and never wears it, himself, save on the stage. I will get that pin from the girl, for she does not love the man; she plays with him, to wheedle him out of his earnings. In less than twenty-four hours I will show you the jewel. If that will not be sufficient, I will, under certain conditions on your part, show you other sights. Till then I'll leave you. Ha! by Jove! 'tis later than I thought," he exclaimed, as he drew out his watch and glanced at it. "I must be off; but before I go, my sweet one, I claim just one kiss for keeping you company so long!"

As he spoke he sprang to his feet, and darted upon the girl. In the twinkling of an eye Sadie eluded him, and rushed behind the bed. The man was not to be deterred; he advanced upon her. The poor girl plead, but vainly.

Then a fixed determination grew upon her face.

"Stand back, sir! I am prepared, and will defend myself to the last!" and in a moment a bright blade flashed in her hand. Wildfern retreated, aghast and astounded. Then, with the eyes of a basilisk, he glared at her. Summoning his courage, he made ready to dash upon her again.

But then there came a decided rap on the door.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

WILLIS WILDFERN paused and stepped back hastily to the door. He opened it and looked out.

Lady Maud was standing there. "You are wanted, captain," she said, in a low voice; "Wild Tom is at the door. As last night, he says his business is urgent."

Wildfern did not reply. He frowned slightly, and then turning his head, he gave Sadie a significant look, and, without any words, went out. He locked the door securely, and gave the key to Lady Maud.

"That is not the question, Agnes Hope; I choose my own time for doing what I please—remember that! Have you the money for the rent, and can you settle now?" and he advanced a step nearer to her.

The girl looked at him with affright, and flung them aside, went on.

"What luck, captain?" asked the woman, as if she had been making up her mind to put the question. Her voice trembled slightly. "Can you force her to wed you?"

"Luck? ha! ha! why, well, 'tis all right, or will be by the time I come again. But I have forgotten something else. If any one should come here to-morrow, Lady Maud, in answer to an advertisement, say that what they seek has been delivered up already. Do you understand?"

"Exactly, captain; and what is the advertisement?" asked Lady Maud, with some curiosity, a strange fire in her eye.

"You will know in good time, but not now; I am hurried."

With that the man opened the front door and went out. At the bottom of the steps he joined another man, and together they hurried away. They took their way

up Locust street, and soon disappeared in the gloom.

That night, just before the performance at the Chestnut street theater was over, two men emerged from a court in Juniper street, between Chestnut and Market, and took their way stealthily along. On reaching Chestnut street they hurried down until they were opposite the theater. Here, in the gloom of the overhanging houses, they paused and kept their eyes bent upon the theater, and on the corner at the drug-store.

The men had seen him, and after noting the direction he had taken, they walked rapidly away down the same street, taking care to keep well ahead of the actor.

Then Willis Wildfern had gone, Lady Maud leaned breathlessly against the door.

"Poor, poor thing—forced to marry a villain! and I can not help her!" But, I'll see!"

She turned at once and went up-stairs.

In a moment she was in Sadie's room again.

Then, "Poor child, I pity you! I was not always as I am; and—I will help you if I can."

Then Sadie answered, in a low, sweet whisper:

"God bless you! God bless you!" and clung to her the closer.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 25.)

that you are!" exclaimed the girl, her whole being worked up to an ungovernable degree, "I fling back your words! I scorn them! and spit upon you! Begone, sir, and leave me, leave me alone with my sorrow! Begone, sir, and respect a friendless woman. Begone! for I loathe the sight of you!" and she indignantly waved him from the room.

But Wildfern did not move; he stood perfectly quiet, and smiled wickedly.

"No, Agnes Hope, I'll not go," he said, in a low, determined voice.

"I came on a double business; when it is accom-

plished expect me to go, and not before!

Need I recall to you an old-time tale, Agnes Hope? Methinks there is no occasion.

Need I recall to you a bargain once made between you and myself? Need I refresh

your memory by telling you that long years ago—when I was poor and honest—honest?

ha! ha!—that I loved you madly? And you, Agnes Hope, said that you loved me!

How lying were your lips! But, I sus-

pected you; and then you said,

"I'll see!"

She turned at once and went up-stairs.

In a moment she was in Sadie's room again.

"Poor child, I pity you! I was not

always as I am; and—I will help you if I can."

Then, "Poor child, I pity you! I was not

always as I am; and—I will help you if I can."

As he spoke he advanced upon her at once. There was a terrible earnestness in his tone, a fearful, snake-like glitter in his eye. He continued to advance upon the poor girl, who had now retreated into the extreme corner of the room.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 25.)

#### How He Found Her.

BY J. EDGAR LILFEE.

It was a very late hour when the Lady Maud left the room of the prisoner; and, as usual, she locked the door.

But, as the woman trod slowly down-stairs to seek her own secluded room, she muttered:

"I'll stand by her! And if no other

means present for rescuing her, may God strike me dead, if I do not set—"

Here her voice sunk lower, and the rest of the words were lost as she suddenly hurried down-stairs.

We have left Agnes Hope in a rather cavalierly manner, unnoticed for sometime. It will be remembered, too, that we left her under rather peculiar circumstances.

We will now return to her lonely room, where she was so suddenly startled by the entrance of a man.

One glance at him who had entered thus unceremoniously, and Agnes uttered a cry, and staggered backward in her room.

The man paused for a moment and leered like a demon at her.

"Ha! Agnes Hope, you did not expect me; but I am ahead of her! Ha! ha! I am ahead of her!" and he advanced boldly into the room.

"You here, Willis Wildfern!" exclaimed the maiden, shrinking still further from him, and raising her hands as if to ward him off.

The man laughed.

"There is no need to answer that question, Agnes, seeing that you know me," he said. "You see I have long promised you a visit, and I thought to-night was as good a time as any. Besides that, this is my house, and I suppose I have a right to come into it, eh?"

"This room is sacred to me, Willis Wildfern, and you know it. You certainly are aware of my recent affliction; are you not man enough to respect me in my sorrow?"

For a moment the fellow cast his eyes down, and it really seemed that a shade of remorse flitted over his face. But he quickly looked up, and certainly there was no such shade there then.

"Why, Agnes Hope, I could not prevent your mother from dying. That was

the doctor's business. Nor have I—for I must be candid—any extra amount of sorrow at the calamity. All I care for is my rent for the last two months. Have you got it?" and he smiled satanically in her face.

The poor girl started perceptibly, and her frame shook violently. But her emotion passed off, and she said, in a low voice:

"'Tis a strange time—an unseasonable hour—for to come for your money."

"That is not the question, Agnes Hope;

I choose my own time for doing what I please—remember that!

"Have you the money for the rent, and can you settle now?" and he advanced a step nearer to her.

The girl looked at him with affright, and flung them aside, went on.

"I have always, always, paid you, Mr. Wildfern," she gasped, "but I have not the money now. I do not earn much; and I had to purchase things for my poor mother, sir!" and she broke down from emotion.

"Then get your lover, Frank Hayworth, to pay it for you!" exclaimed the man, rudely. "I am sure you are not chary with your favors to him!"

"Monster! villain! What mean you?"

exclaimed the girl, her frail form dilating with sudden indignation, her eyes flashing fire. She half-advanced upon the man.

"I have touched you tenderly, I see, my charmer," said Wildfern, with a sneer.

"But, I will answer your question thus:

"You will know in good time, but not now; I am hurried."

With that the man opened the front door and went out. At the bottom of the steps he joined another man, and together they hurried away. They took their way

up Locust street, and soon disappeared in the gloom.

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(To be continued—Commenced in No. 25.)

only, which stated that Mrs. Brown, Michigan street, wished a good girl for general house-work—this alone saved the paper from being cast aside.

"A good girl, eh?" he thought. "Yes, well—apply to-morrow evening? Good, splendid, grand?" and he slapped the table so roughly, and uttered the last adjective so enthusiastically, that several persons inquired if he was ill, or "didn't he feel first rate?"

Mrs. Brown sat in her parlor alone; and it being the evening of a grand party for Julia, a maiden of more summers than she would claim, and no one having replied to the advertisement for a "good girl," Mrs. Brown felt more vexed than usual.

"Every thing ready, all arranged, except the coming of a waiter. 'Twould never do to allow her to be seen. No, mercy, no! Mr. Channing, has been thrown off the track, and others must not get the scent he has held so long and lost so nicely. Sylvia shall never be his; that I vowed when I learned, at the seaside, of his indifference to my dear Julia."

Mrs. Brown continued in this strain for a time, when she was hushed by the violent ringing of the door-bell.

Mrs. Brown opened the front door herself. "I was not late in the evening yet; the sun shone in the windows and on the walls of the opposite dwellings with declining radiance; and the milkman—a name erroneously applied to this vendor even in so small a place as this—was going his oft-interrupted journey with leisure. But who stood here, upon the steps, before Mrs. Brown, so flauntingly?

"An', Misses Brown, it's not me that can do the likes of raidin', yet me brother raid ye askin' of a girl, an' sent me to ye fur the givin' of a situation, hopin' that it's not the bad luck will fall upon me, but the fortune upon yerself."

Here was an answer to her advertisement at the eleventh hour, and as she had made no restriction in regard to the application of an Irish maid, Mrs. Brown conceded to the request of the applicant, and, in true Hibernian style, Bridget took upon herself the duties of the household.

Her labors were not great until the hour of refreshment for the "grand party" came around. Then her task was to act in the capacity of a female *factotum* at the supper prepared for the occasion. During the earlier hours of evening "our hired girl" sat in the kitchen alone, Mrs. Brown and child having already become engaged in the entertainment of the first arrivals in the parlor. The "girl"—thus unfeelingly addressed in the majority of our homes—was gazing through the window, at the appearing stars in the sky, when a light step on the floor brought back her mind to human affairs.

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SATURDAY JOURNAL.

The Great Five Cent Weekly.

THE MODEL FAMILY AND FIRESIDE PAPER.

## Contributors and Correspondents.

Can make no use of VIOLA WILLY'S HOME-STOCKING. MS. is much too imperfect as copy. The author has much yet to learn before he can produce good composition's MS. The poem RIMONSTRANCE has some excellent lines, but others are weak and rhythmical. The writer evidently is young. He must study the "Art of Composition" to write acceptably for the press. No stamps. MS. not preserved.

Poems by A. J., viz.: My QUEEN and I, THINK, LOVE, OR, THERE, are amenable to the strictures above. MSS. returned.

The story of the CHASED RING is simply promising, if it is the author's first effort. Miss Carrie must be patient. Write and study how to improve in the art of story-telling—for it is an art. We can not use the MS. Send it to some of the Boston papers, which use much imperfect and crude matter.

Can use YARNS, THE TONGUE OF FIRE; THE GANDER PULLING; TRAPPER'S PRESENTMENT; A TURN OF THE WHEEL; THE UNWILLING SACRIFICE.

MS. LOST IN A CORN FIELD, returned. Ditto, AMOROUS WINDS; SPIRITS OF THE GREENWOOD DEEP; LITTLE ALLIE'S LOVER; A NUT TO CRACK, etc., etc.

"Please hold my MS., if it is not available, subject to my order," writes J. J. T. "We will do no such thing." This "holding" gives us so much extra trouble, that we can not retain MS. to be subject to future correspondence. When we say "no" to a contribution, if stamps are not at hand for its return, it passes, by inexorable necessity, into *The Morgue*.

M. MEEHAN.—We mail our papers on Monday—the day before its issue to the trade. You ought to receive your papers by Saturday, at the latest.

MRS. CELIA BATES writes from Illinois to know if the woman's movement is truly represented by the women now professing to be its "leaders." "We should say 'no,' Orlie," writes Mrs. BATES. "But the movement is represented by these noisy platform and convention hauntings. The true women of the land are neither coarse, nor vituperative, nor impudent, nor bitterly hostile to one another."

MARY G. W. asks: "What line of study shall I pursue to become useful?" A hard query to answer. Life careers are many. Mary may have a decided talent for music or painting, or some other talent for anything. All depends upon the person's capacity." The great mischief in our modern "systems" of education is the assumption that all girls alike require just so much Geography, Arithmetic, Grammar, Rhetoric, Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy and French. A smattering of each will answer, in deed, where the girl is in a hurry to enter society, and can not possibly condescend to "go to school" after she is sixteen, for then (*alibi*) she is ready for the beaux and a husband. Pah! this is disgusting!" If Mary really is a good, sensible girl, let her become a real student, learning well and thoroughly a thorough English course. Let Fanny go to school, and let her work hard for all of her. If she can do so, learn some art, in addition to her substantial English education; and, above all things, let her avoid that wretched delusion that early marriage is essential to her happiness. If she is thus disposed, our word for it! She will succeed in making her way, in preserving her independence and her self-respect; and when she does marry it will not be to marry a home, nor to get a "position," but because she is ready to assume the duties of a loving and a beloved mother.

JOHN J. C.—We have no advice to give in the premises. If you are weak enough to be "taken in" by advertisements of artful females, who want a gay correspondent, don't make up wry faces and talk of revenge, but learn wisdom from experience, and avoid any *crooked* roads to pleasure. A pure heart and virtuous mind are too precious to be stained by association, however indirect, with what is impure and unvirtuous. These advertisers for correspondents, male and female, are simply *dangerous* persons. Avoid them as you would a leper.

Miss E. G. D.—Mrs. Sigourney died several years since. Mrs. Kirtland is also dead. Mrs. Hale is a very old lady, yet assists in editing GODLY'S LADY'S BOOK. Mrs. Stephens is about sixty-five years of age.

MISS HELEN G. asks: "What is the best perfume?" and adds: "I have used many things, but find that none is satisfactory." Unhappy Helen! "The Pure Life is like a sweet perfume," says the Sadi Mustafá. If our young ladies thought less of fictitious graces, false assumptions and deceptive arts, they may be far more popular, attractive, and live and innocent ways would be perfume sweet to every one. Dear young lady, eschew the odors of "Jockey Club," "Patchouly," and all of Lubin's sweet allurements, and let your own sweet face and modesty be your glory.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## Foolscap Papers.

## Ils that Flesh is Air to.

The heart is a valuable accessory to the human system. It is the place where the affections most do congregate, and is very liable to get out of order if true love runs ruggedly. It is often subject to heart-ache, which may be cured by removing the cause—a young lady—to some distant boarding-school.

Palpitation sets in when you pop the popular question, and mortification ensues when she says no. Young people often lose their hearts, but don't suffer much, as they generally get some others in their place.

Tightness of the chest is a complaint peculiar to misers, and shortness of breath never troubled tattlers.

The headache is very common, especially with your wife when washing's to be done, or with the young lady whom you ask to dance with you in the next set. Headache is caused by the brain running too far down in the heel. The brain should be removed.

Men frequently get up in the morning with it, because the circular circulation of the brain the night before was too violent.

When you find the hair of your head falling out, you may rest assured that it can't agree with your head. When you find your head begins to look like a ball dapple, you must make boarding-house hash your only diet, or try roasted chignons.

The toothache is caused by a crook in the little toe. To remedy it, hang the tooth up on a nail, or throw it over the aleyley.

Dyspepsia comes from eating too much. It is not a prevailing disease at any of our hotels, and if you have it I would advise you to go there to board.

If you are troubled with swimming in the head, see what kind of fluid you have prepared for it to swim in, and take measures—I mean take less measures to abate it.

Hiccoughs is a troublesome complaint, that will manifest itself after a late evening up-town. It may be called "the voice of the night," and it is a language your wife will readily understand—if she is used to hearing it.

Delirium tremens, or menagerie in your boots, is not a cheerful amusement, and comes from drinking impure water, or mixing water with your liquor. This should be avoided.

Poetry is a sad and lingering disease, and takes off many young people every year. The symptoms are disinclination to manual labor, mania for foolscap paper, spectacles, long hair, general neglect of costume, crazy spells, three poems a day, general debility of grammar, bad digestion of ideas, loss of facts, constipated reason-

ing, disordered system of ethics, impure rhymes, rheumatic lines, too much bile on the brain, weakness of the thinking organs, and inordinate desire to rush into print. It is hopelessly incurable. A rhymester's epitaph generally runs:

"Here lies a man who gave to rhyme His pen, his talents and his time; Yesterday, he was laid low— His verses died some time ago."

Kleptomaniac is vastly different from stealing, inasmuch as the last word is English, and the former High Church Latin. It is an unsatisfied want of something that don't belong to you; it first begins with a small boy in a watermelon patch, and runs on up until it arrives at a high degree, wherein small mistakes in the titles of horses are apparent, and you are placed in limbo on the nearest limb by an improvised sheriff. With a girl it first shows itself in the cake-closet, and lastly in the dry-goods stores.

General good-for-nothing-ness is another common disease, and commands a general circulation among the lower classes, as well as upon Avenue 5. You may see plenty of very bad cases of it down-town on store-boxes, laid up to dry, with a knife in one hand and a pine stick in the other, and they even make poor whittlers. When I see them this way I always wonder if it would not be better if they were inside the box. With the higher classes soft cushions and lap dogs are among the symptoms of the disease; and most of the young ladies would be willing to sleep one hundred years if they wouldn't be any older when they would wake up. Not being intimately acquainted with the complaint, I can't decide it minutely.

Insanity is on the increase. The worst cases never get into the asylum, but frequently occupy more public places. Some people go crazy because they have no other place to go—always going where it is the most convenient; some go there because they don't know it, and never will own up to it. Be sure, my friend, what train you're on.

I don't know whether to term lying a disease, or one of the fine arts. There are very many good artists, my friend, and I am not practising the profession when I say that twelve out of every dozen use a good deal of figurative speech in the daily transaction of a close business.

Gossiping. A number of progressive ladies have organized themselves into a Continental Gossiping Union, of which my wife is an able—but here she comes in. This paragraph must necessarily be short.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## ADVERSITY.

"Adversity makes a man wise, not rich."

I GUESS you will wonder what put that proverb into my head, and I will gratify your curiosity by telling you it was from reading that anecdote of a person who lodged some fifty dollars in the coal-scuttle for safe keeping, and whose wife made up the fire with it the next morning, through mistake. Adversity like that made the man wise and not rich. I guess he put his money in a safer place ever afterward.

Did you never want to be married, Adolphus, and think that girl around the corner the very pink of perfection. Why, it was a very treat even to look at her! And haven't you planned, when you got money enough, that you'd propose to her, and if she accepted, then hey for a wed-ding-ring and a parson! Oh! what a good domestic husband you were going to be! You were not going gallivanting around and spending your money on wines and cigars; but she was to sit on one side of the fire-place working at some embroidery, while you, on the other, in dressing-gown and slippers—the last worked by your wife's fair hands—and reading the SATURDAY JOURNAL to her! Isn't that a nice little bit of a domestic picture for you? I am sorry to say, Adolphus, that the little fay around the corner, got snapped up before you had time to get money enough to pop the question. That was a piece of adversity you didn't think was about to happen, did you?

Angelina Frank sits at her window and watches the tide of passers by, and Angelina Frank is somewhat on the shady side of forty; she affects false hair, and, as it is fashionable to be near-sighted, she wears glasses. Angelina is in love with a mysterious-looking foreigner whom she has been endeavoring to entangle into Cupid's meshes. Poor Angelina sees her heart's adored approaching, and, in gazing from the balcony, she lets fall her wig and glasses. The foreigner looks up in amazement, while Angelina, forgetful of her personal appearance, calls out: "Bring those things right up here—they're mine!" but using her tongue too rapidly, her set of false teeth follow her top-knot and specks.

The foreigner is honest, and returns the property to its rightful owner, but the maid has no more calls from him! While Miss Frank's adversity sends her to some adverse city, she learns that her foreigner is a law unto himself, she learns that her foreigner was rich, and she has lost a great catch, and of course Miss F. is more careful to have her artificial "fixin's" securely fastened—in the future!

I don't remember of any profession where adversity is more apt to creep in than in the theatrical one. It must be a sad thing for an actress who was puffed a few years ago by the public—who "Benefit" always was attended by a crowded house—whose picture was to be seen in every window, and whom the managers were al-

most crazy to secure—to grow old, to lose the beauty she once possessed, and, instead of being sought out by the "Crimmells" of this world, to be obliged to almost beg for an engagement. Ah, me! we think we will be always favorites, and rarely think of days to come when some fresh beauty shall supplant us! This adversity should cause our young actresses to save against a rainy day.

You authors who are now almost coining money by your productions should remember to keep your bank deposits large, for there are others growing up around you, who will have fresh ideas, and your stories may to a future generation appear as if belonging to a dark age. If adversity does overtake you, let it find you rich as well as wise.

If you will go to a certain street you will see a young woman (it is not Eve Lawless, by the way) sewing as if for dear life. That woman has a "history." But a few years ago she was courted by a worthy young man, and though he was honest, respectable and intelligent, she refused him. And why? Simply because he was a mechanic! Well, the young fellow felt her refusal a great deal, but it didn't break his heart, for he went harder to work to show that, if he was a mechanic, he was a good one. He discovered a plan to save labor which made him wealthy; was married, and now lives in great style. And his first love is obliged to sit for hours working to keep soul and body together. Ah, Miss, adversity has made you wise but not rich. Is a sewing-girl better than a mechanic? I doubt it!

Come, girls, don't be hard on the young men; value them as they should be valued. When a young fellow marries, his wife gives him an impetus to work harder, and I'm sure there are just as good men (perhaps better, if they are not worth a fortune) as those who own a coach and four.

I have endeavored to keep to my text, but maybe, woman like, I have wandered off. I hope, pray and trust not, for if Mr. SATURDAY JOURNAL should condemn this, and instead of taking out his ample pocket-book and presenting me with a check on some New York bank, he should consign it to the flames, I might prove an exemplification of my own text; that "adversity makes a man wise, not rich," and then in Bandbox Corner we should

EVE LAWLESS.

## HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

TRANSLATION is undoubtedly of great importance to those who wish a perfect and easy command of language. Cicero translated the orations of Demosthenes for this purpose; and Pope, several authors in different languages for a like reason. This accounts for that Ciceroonian flow of language, polished and elegant in the extreme, and the smooth and almost faultlessly rendered verses of Pope. The reason is manifest. It is owing to the fact, that we can express our own ideas in our native tongue, say easily, perhaps in so many different ways; but then none of these ways may be the right way, each lacking a proper force. Now sit down to translate, and you will find yourself more restricted, and more compelled to keep to a certain style. We have the ideas given, consequently the task is so much the lighter in the weightiest part of literature—the labor that would have framed such ideas being spent on the proper collocation of words, to express the same—that is, if the translator sets to work in the right spirit, determined faithfully to reproduce the original.

Now, where labor is so spent, we naturally endeavor to make an apt choice of words to express the idea, instead of spending our time chiefly in original thinking and deducing an idea, which we are apt, after all, to express too much in a haphazard style, erroneously dabbled with a fancy, that an idea is for 'a' that.

It was a revenge worthy a devil's invention, and the heart of one seemed to beat in the breast of the blacksmith.

At length he threw a parting glance at his work and stepped away.

He did not go far till he paused.

"I believe the trap might be set easier," he said, fearing for the entire success of his diabolical plans. "I shall try to do it, at any rate. It will occupy but a single minute."

He returned to the crossing, and placed his knees upon the spring to prevent the jaws from closing, when he released the trigger to readjust it.

He was in the midst of his work when, from some unaccountable cause, his knees slipped from the spring, and, oh, horror! the jaws closed on his wrists! A terrible shriek welled from his throat at the terrible catastrophe, and he tried to spring to his feet; but the trap held him down.

Every attempt to force the spring down sufficiently to release him proved abortive, and, at the horror of his situation, he tried to tear his hands from the trap. But the sharp teeth, upon which he had spent hours, had pierced his very bones, and thus prevented him.

"If it had but caught my leg," he groaned, thinking not of limb, but of life, "I could loosen the chains and drag the trap home. But, oh, God! the accursed thing must catch my hands, and hold me down for the train to complete this dark night's work."

Again he struggled, not to tear his hands from the trap, but to twist them off!

But fate was against him, and the excruciating pain thus occasioned made him think that reason would soon desert him.

Suddenly he thought of Judson Vance, his rival. He would, doubtless, reach the crossing and release him, for Judson was not a vengeful man. But, ah! how vain are human hopes, for the shriek of the locomotive, as it entered Fletcher, was strained to catch his rival's step.

Unnerved by the shrill noise, he sunk to the earth, powerless to struggle.

Within five minutes the iron monster would be upon him, and all would be over in a second.

At length he heard the rumbling of the train, which was now beyond the village, and approaching very rapidly.

Still the trap held him down, and, with the desperation of a maniac, he suddenly resumed his attempts to wrench his hands from the bloody jaws. But his mighty efforts were vain, and the teeth seemed to pierce the very marrow.

Another shriek from the locomotive caused the doomed man to look behind him.

The train was so close upon him that the head-light dazed his eyes, and he could not shield the precious orbs with his hands. Then he shrieked at the top of his voice, but the cars came on.

"I must die!" he groaned in the single minute he had yet to live. "I have merited my fate. Retribution is a terrible thing—terrible! Oh, God, I curse thee not. But pity me, and help my—"

The roar of the train drowned the sweetest word that ever parted his lips—mother.

The next minute the cow-catcher struck him, and the next he was torn to pieces.

It was a terrible fate!

The rumbling of the train could yet be heard when Judson Vance crossed the track, without noticing the work of death. The train had torn the trap from the chains, and hurled it, clasping two armless hands, from the track.

The following morning the true state of affairs was discovered, and the mutilated remains of the vengeful rival were collected and decently buried.

It broke poor Mrs. Calder's heart, and she soon followed her son to the grave.

Judson Vance shuddered at his narrow escape from a terrible death, for, had not his rival desired to "set the trap easier," he would never have called Maggie wife—as he does now.

Had he been caught by the man-trap, even after the passage of the 11:12 passenger, he would have been doomed, for the lightning express quickly followed.

He is very happy now; but a cold chill creeps to his heart whenever he looks upon the trap, which is still exhibited in a store in the village, and he thinks of a dark night's work.

## How She went to Newport.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Was there ever any thing more provoking? Just to think of our being obliged to remain here in this fearfully hot, dusty, country stage-house, all because of somebody's inanerable carelessness."

There was a decided frown on Helen Foster's pretty face, and she hoisted her pink-lined, lace-covered pongee with a vim quite wrathful.

"Just look at this outlandish place, all sunshine and heat, and not a house near us! I solemnly wish I'd not stirred one step from home to see the 'beauties of the country,' that Dr. Nelroy raves so about. Come, Jessie, and bring that satchel, and let's make up our minds to either be melted slowly roasted, or sunstruck."

And, with a martyr-like resignation on her countenance, Helen Foster gathered up her freshly-fluted and ruffled skirts, and ensconced herself in the only seat in the miserable little stage office, at which they had been deposited a moment before, the stage having gone thundering along, leaving them to choke over the clouds of dust it had evoked.

"Jessie," with a half-amused smile, brought the satchel, in obedience to the imperious order of the beauty, and seated herself in the doorway.

"It isn't so bad, after all, Helen, dear. There seems quite a breeze blowing. See how beautifully that brook gleams among those trees yonder!"

"You are always seeing something to admire, Jessie Grey! It's a pity you couldn't find a gem of landscape perspective on the bare boards of this horrid old stage-house."

A musical laugh issued from Jessie's pretty red lips.

"I shall have good use for my pet proclivity, I suppose, when we come to see this famous country seat of Dr. Nelroy's."

Helen's animation seemed to return at mention of her admirer's name.

"It must be splendid, judging from the reports I have heard concerning it; and, indeed, I would never have come this far to see it, had I not anticipated a rare feast."

"I am anxious to see this Dr. Nelroy, Helen. Do you know I sometimes fancy he is very like Fred?"

She spoke the last few words in a sort of constrained whisper.

"Like Fred? Why, Jessie, the idea is ridiculous. Dr. Ferdinand Nelroy, the accomplished physician, like Fred, Grey, your dissipated husband, who has neglected you so shamefully these five years, and who died in a drunken row in New York."

Helen's eyes glared, but Jessie's fairly snapped.

"Notwithstanding all of which he was my husband, my baby Rosa's father, and I loved him."

There was much quiet dignity in Jessie Grey's tones; and Helen turned away, to end the discussion.

"I think I see a carriage coming, Helen. Yes, it is the doctor's. Shall I take the satchel?"

"And make people think you are a poor relation? Thank you, no."

Helen spoke snappishly, and carried the hand valise herself. It was a sore spot in her heart and memory—that of Fred, Grey's marriage to her cousin, Jessie Douglass. She had fairly idolized him, and ever since he had died, leaving his widow and her little five-year Rosa penniless, Helen Foster had left no stone unturned to render the hearted heart more wounded still.

A capacious barouche bowled along the road, and drew up to the stage office.

"Dr. Nelroy's compliments, ladies, and I beg you will pardon him for not coming in person, but a sudden summons called him away. He hopes to return by mid-afternoon."

This was the message the coachman gave them, and Helen frowned.

"Dr. Nelroy isn't overburdened with politeness, it seems. Come, help me in. She motioned the man, who assisted her to enter, and then he turned to Jessie.

"Oh, thank you," she returned, pleasantly, as he fastened the door and took the reins.

Over the country road they drove, Helen incessantly complaining of the heat and dust, and Jessie sitting half provoked, half amused at her cousin's impatience.

"Jessie, are you fully determined not to go to Newport this year?"

"Most certainly. How could I think of such a thing? Where have I the money to indulge in such a luxury?"

"I might ask where will my money come from. Nevertheless, I am going to Newport, and have a first-class suite of rooms, too."

"Yes, I will give myself an invitation. Jessie, you will go?"

Dr. Nelroy almost cried out as Helen spoke, but no one noticed it.

"Then I'll bid you au revoir. On Monday night I'll see you at Newport."

It occurs to me, Helen, that your uncle has taken a cottage there. Can not you and your friend make him a visit of a fortnight or so?"

Helen's heart fairly bounded, and Jessie even felt delighted. She well knew she would be welcome at dear Uncle Maynard's; and little Rosa, too—how the briske air would reddish her pale cheeks!

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"Yes; I will give myself an invitation. Jessie, you will go?"

Dr. Nelroy almost cried out



# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

## Lynching a Mail Robber.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

THE mail coach, late one afternoon in the autumn of 1839, was slowly ascending the long, steep grade that winds like a huge serpent up the rugged side of Muldrow's Hill—now penetrated by the great tunnel through which thunder the daily trains in their transit over the Louisville and Nashville railroad—the weary horses panting under their heavy burden, but yet held to their work by whip and voice of the sturdy driver.

At the time of which I speak the country in this region was almost in its primeval condition, and one might travel for a day or more off the turnpike road and not see the smoke of a settler's cabin.

But while the honest pioneer had but rarely found his way thither, there was another class who had, and that in considerable numbers. I allude to the bands of horse-thieves, mail-robbers, cut-throats, etc., who, fleeing from the strong arm of the violated law, found refuge amid the dense thickets, caves and secluded valleys of this branch of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

The mail coach, by means of which most of the travel between the two cities, Louisville and Nashville, was performed, had been robbed on several occasions by these freebooters, and in one or two cases, where resistance was offered, cold-blooded murder had been done.

Thus it came that men who traveled this route did so with the expectation of meeting with difficulties of this nature, and consequently carried but little of value, while they went heavily armed.

On the present occasion the coach was crowded to its utmost capacity, more than half the occupants being women and children, who, in case of attack, would prove an embarrassment rather than any assistance.

That which was so much feared did not fail to take place.

The stage was making the last turn of the steep ascent previous to getting upon level ground, when suddenly half a dozen figures leaped from the thickets upon either side of the road, and grasped the heads of the horses, while double that number made for and surrounded the stage itself.

The demand from the leader of the band to quietly surrender was replied to by a shot from the interior of the vehicle, and the robber, struck full between the eyes, threw up his arms with a wild gesture, and fell dead in his tracks.

This was, of course, the signal for a general attack upon the passengers, and for a short time it looked as though all would be murdered.

The man who had first fired, a young Kentuckian, was dragged and slain while desperately fighting. Two other men were also murdered, and one bright-eyed little fellow of some ten years was instantly killed by a chance ball fired by the robbers.

Upon the death of this child hangs the story that follows.

The lad was traveling with his mother, a widow, and was her only child. They were returning to their home in Tennessee after a long jaunt northward, where, in some of the cities through which they had passed, the lad had purchased a fine, thoroughbred water spaniel, which was lying at his feet when he was shot.

The intelligent animal evinced almost human sorrow at the fate of its young master, and more than once flew at those who came near where the widow was holding the dead boy in her arms.

The resistance made to the robbers soon ceased, and after pillaging the persons and baggage of all present, they shouldered the mail-bags, and moved off into the timber, where they were soon lost sight of.

The dog followed them a short distance into the wood, sniffing at the trail and barking savagely, but soon returned and resumed his place by the side of the child's body.

At the next station the alarm was given, and messengers, mounted upon the team that was to have been put to, started in various directions to apprise the farmers and settlers of the outrage, and thus bring together the "vigilance committee" recently formed for mutual protection.

During the whole night these men, some of them from a long distance, kept pouring into the little station, and when the sun rose, there had assembled some forty or more strong, stalwart backwoodsmen, each bearing his long rifle, their bronzed features wearing a look of stern resolve that boded but little of good to the wretch that fell into their hands.

The sight of the widowed mother and childless as well, moved their rugged natures, to the very center, and though they spoke but little, and in low tones, yet it was easy to see that they intended a swift and deadly vengeance.

It was their first meeting since organizing the committee, but they went systematically to work.

Proceeding to the scene of the previous night's tragedy, they closely and carefully examined the trail, which was broad and plain, and at once prepared to follow.

It was here suggested that the dog might be of assistance, and indeed the animal seemed to be aware of the fact himself, as he was already nosing the trail, as though anxious to lead, which, upon a word of

encouragement, he did, closely followed by the men in a body.

Over mountain and valley, through tangled breaks and across water courses, the intelligent brute steadily and unerringly led the pursuers, until at noon, from the top of a high hill, they caught sight of a thin, blue column of smoke arising from the chimney of a small hut upon the opposite side of the mountain.

A consultation was here held, and it was decided that this must be the den of mail robbers, as none present knew of its existence or who lived within it.

The force was here divided, and the hut surrounded without alarming the inmates, though once or twice a man had appeared at the door, who gazed down into the valley, as though on the look-out for some arrival.

Once completely invested, preparations were made to attack, if necessary, the stronghold of their enemies.

Two of the men stepped slightly forward, and in a loud voice called upon the force to come out.

They were instantly saluted by a rifle-shot, fired with fatal effect, as one of them fell forward upon his face without a groan.

This was the signal for a general attack, which was instantly made from every quarter, and so rapid was the movement, that the door was reached and entered before the bolts and bars could be shot into their places.

The attacking party had been correct in their supposition, for the cabin was, indeed, the headquarters of the band, who were then engaged in rifling the mail-bags still.

Under such circumstances the conflict could not be otherwise than fierce and deadly. The freebooters neither asked nor expected quarter, and hence fought as only men can fight so circumstanted.

But numbers decided the day, and one by one the blood-stained villains went down under the knives and clubbed rifles of the infuriated settlers.

A tall, raw-boned woman seemed to lead the robbers, fighting with the ferocity of a tigress robbed of her young, and apparently bearing a charmed life, for, though ever in the thickest of the fray, she had escaped injury.

At length all had fallen save this woman and one other, a thick-set, brutish-looking fellow, who, from a corner of the room into which he had backed, for a long time kept his assailants at bay. The woman, who had managed to work her way to a position near the door, clearing her path with a heavy rifle, which she wielded as though it had been a straw, suddenly sprung through the entrance, and with a yell of defiance, disappeared down the slope of the mountain.

A moment after the man was knocked down and secured, and the victory was complete.

Half an hour later, a solemn scene was being enacted beneath the overhanging branches of a great oak that stood near the hut.

The man whom we have described as being the last to yield, was standing within a circle of stern and lowering faces, his arms pinioned to his sides, and a rope around his neck.

The vigilance committee had just passed sentence of death upon him, and some of the members were preparing to execute it.

To the uninitiated their proceedings would have been a complete mystery.

Beyond the great oak, in an open space, grew two tall hickory trees, probably three or four inches in thickness, and standing some twenty feet, or more, apart.

The branches and tops of these had been lopped off, and the men were now engaged in bending them inward, so as to make the tops of the two unite.

This, after much labor, was accomplished, and then the trembling wretch was led forward.

As his eye fell upon the fearful arrangement by which he was to die, he uttered a shriek of terror, and would have fallen save for the support rendered upon either side by his conductors.

In vain he pleaded a different mode of death; not a word was spoken in reply, as stern and grim his executioners led him forward.

With strong cords his arms were lashed to the tops of the bended trees, now held in position by a heavy rope that connected the two. A moment was given the wretched creature for prayer, and then, at a signal from the leader, the restraining bond was severed by the blow of a hatchet, the trees sprung upward and outward with terrific force, and the doomed man, his limbs wrenched from their sockets, and howling with the dreadful torture, hung suspended in mid-air.

For a few seconds he swayed up and down between the elastic trees, and then became motionless, at which instant the sharp crack of a rifle broke the death-like silence, the body was seen to spring convulsively upward, and then, as the head fell forward upon the breast, a small, round hole, directly between the eyes, from which the blood was flowing in a tiny stream, showing where the fatal bullet had struck.

The woman had robbed the executioners of half their vengeance.

This was a death blow to the robbers in that section, as they were never after bold enough to face the "regulators."

At daybreak the zebra was saddled, and

## Cruiser Crusoe: LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER THIRTY-ONE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER THIRTY-ONE.

myself upon him, and on my way, though at first I had quite enough to do to manage her, so wild and skittish had she grown. As there was every sign of a change in the weather, I took with me my lion's skin; for on rising during the night to listen to some strange noise outside, I had felt the night air to be particularly chilly and damp.

The way selected was one almost new.

It lay between the lake of my summer-house and the sea-coast, toward some woods, which had excited my curiosity from the peculiar appearance of the trees. I did not hurry my steed this day, even dismounting several times and walking; so that, what with excursions to the right and left, very little if any, real progress was made.

A fire was very welcome that night, the stars being clear, and the air very keen and bracing.

Near this it was pleasant to lie,

while my zebra, duly hopped, sniffed herself with reeds and green grass, which was all it had, except just one handful of corn.

Before me, in the morning, was a ridge,

the ground of which was a kind of crisp gravel; while to my left lay broken, rocky ground; and to the right, a chaos of broken crags and rugged hills.

Then came in sight the woods I have already alluded to.

Suddenly I started. What was this I saw in the soft earth? I knew it at once to be what the Cape hunters call the spoon mark of an animal, though of what nature I really could not tell.

Dismounting, however, a careful examination soon convinced me of its real character; and with a beating heart I remounted, and forcing my steed to a trot, descended the slope toward the wood.

This had not so forcibly impressed itself

on my mind as it should have done; but now I was near the place where their tents and huts had formerly been. I began to be very wary and cautious, dismounting from my steed, walking it, and peering into every bush and thicket as I advanced.

In this way I reached the shore and drew forth my most valuable of instruments

—my telescope.

A large temporary town had been erected

on the shores of the coast, huts had been

placed in rather systematic order, while a

large spear, that I could distinctly make

out, marked the tent of a chief.

Now, what could all this indicate?

Why had they come down to that desolate coast? Was it to deal in gold-dust, slaves

and ivory with the iniquitous traders? or

were they about to make a raid upon my island?

In my nervous state of mind this

latter idea prevailed, and, forgetting all else,

I mounted and rode away toward the more

deserted part of the island; nor did I stop

until I had reached my cave, where I re

mained two whole days, collecting my

thoughts, ere I ventured a hundred yards

from home.

Then, reflection coming to my assist

ence, I hit upon several plans to avoid

meeting with the negroes.

In the first place I determined to draw

a line of demarcation between my own

and that part of the island where elephants

were found, as these were the prey they

chiefly came in search of. This line I

would not pass. I would trust to the lake

keeping the secret of my bower; while my

own part of the island, having no game to

speak of at all, would present so little at

traction for them as to run little risk of be

ing visited, unless my presence was sus

pected.

Now this was not likely; but still, as

one can not be too safe, it was my firm re

solve to reserve my powder, and to de

pend on bows and arrows, traps and even

on the boomerang—such as I made in the

early times—rather than use my powder.

This I now resolved to husband for two

reasons: first, because it was my only hope

in my contest with savages; and next, be

cause it might be the means of attracting

their particular and curious attention.

I was not without hope of making gun

powder; but then I had many other

things to do, such as extending my plan

improving and extending my gaza

le valley—this was my favorite idea—

and completing my fortifications, which

might, in the long run, be my last hope.

To this latter task, I determined to de

vote my first energies; the preservation of

our lives being the very first idea that pre

sents itself to man.

Coming.—We have in hand, from a favorite

story writer, a splendid

through the camel-thorn trees, thorn bushes and stunted grass, I noticed a want of life in the landscape. The grass was quite withered, and the bushes stunted and semidried. No birds could be seen or heard, and every feature looked quiet and dead under the most saddening of all lights, a blazing sun in an unclouded sky.

Then the scene changed like magic, and there were the distant hills of the coast of Africa, a sloping ground intersected with bushes and trees, and below, the shining, gorgeous sea, as blue as the hot, unclouded sky above.

I had thus reached the temporary end of my journey, for it was with a view to examine into the capacities of this channel for being traversed that I had traveled so far from home. I looked warily around, fearing every moment to find myself in the propinquity of a village of Fan Indians, whom I was quite sure were periodically in the habit of visiting its tempting shores.

This had not so forcibly impressed itself on my mind as it should have done; but now I was near the place where their tents and huts had formerly been. I began to be very wary and cautious, dismounting from my ste

## TO A WATER LILY.

BY WILLIAM W. LONG.

Pale lily, with thy pensive grace,  
Bending in beauty o'er the water's rippling face;  
Shedding thy fragrance on the summer air,  
Sweet sister of the white rose fair,  
Within the shady nook I love to dwell,  
When vespers chime the day's farewell,  
And pale stars gleam from evening's sky,  
In diamonds bright upon the water rippling by;  
And gentle night-birds, in the forest shade,  
Wake mournful music in the wood and glade;  
And Luna sheds her pale, soft, silvery light,  
Upon the sleeping world, in colors bright.

The Spirit of the Forest;  
OR,  
CLIPPING A CURL.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"JUD FORSYTH, you are the rashest young man I ever heard tell of," said one of three men who were seated on the bank of a little wooded lake in Maine.

The person addressed was a handsome, beardless young hunter, who was counting the bullets in his pouch contained. The speaker was a middle-aged man, who, from his appearance, had seen hard service in the backwoods. He looked half-anxiously upon his younger brother hunter, who did not reply until he had dropped the last ball back into the buckskin pouch, and muttered "twenty-seven."

"You may just talk as you please, Tom," he said. "I have determined to go, and the whole world could not alter my determination. One year ago I first heard about the Spirit, and I said that if I ever got in this country I would see and satisfy myself. I am here now, and I am about to leave you. I guess twenty-seven bullets will hold me out. Where will I meet you, one month from this day?"

"Not on this earth, Jud, not in this world," replied the middle-aged hunter.

"I tell you that you will never leave their country alive. Mark my words, and think of them when you find yourself the Twitees' prisoner. All this is for a rash desire to see

if there is a spirit in the woods around Mightywicheawantoc lake. I tell you, rash boy, that there are no such things as spirits."

"People differ on such matters, Tom, and I, for one, believe in spirits. But look! The sun kisses the waters, and it is time for me to be off to the spirit land."

The young man smiled, picked up his rifle, and rose to his feet. His companions followed his example, and they stood face to face. Tom Fuller's heart was very sad: he could not speak. He had long loved Judson Forsyth, as though he were his own son, and to see him depart alone upon his intended rash mission almost broke his old hunter-heart.

He tried to speak, but signally failed, and at last, took the young hunter's hand.

"Good-by, Tom," said Forsyth. "You have been a father to me, and I abominate the thought of leaving you now. But I am going. Tell me where I will meet you one month from to day—if I live."

Poor, sad Tom Fuller did not utter a word, and Forsyth addressed the third hunter:

"Where will I meet you, Bob?"

"At Mitchell's fort on the St. Lawrence, I reckon," was the reply, and a moment after wringing their hands, Judson Forsyth was gone.

The two remaining hunters returned to their little fire on the banks of the lake, gathered up their hunting accoutrements, and took their departure without having uttered a single word.

Tom, the elder, was greatly downcast and sad in spirit, and his companion did not attempt to disturb him.

At last they reached the edge of the forest that contained the little lake, and then Tom Fuller paused. He turned to his companion and pointed into the great wood.

"He is gone, gone forever!" he said, sadly. "We will see him for the last time."

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I'll not leave this spot till daylight, phantom or no phantom."

He put himself into a comfortable position, and watched on.

Perhaps two more hours had passed before any thing unusual occurred. All at once a startled bird flew from Spirit Point, and flapped its wings in the hunter's face.

"Now, look out for ghosts!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "No animal could have frightened that bird."

He had scarcely finished when a canoe shot into the lake from the spot whence the bird had flown. A nameless chill, which the hunter could not resist, crept over him, and a supernatural feeling took possession of his mind. But, with a great effort, he drove it thence, and narrowly watched the scene upon the water.

The canoe was just large enough to contain a single person, and its present occupant, who really seemed more spirit than flesh, was seen skinning over the smooth surface like an arrow. It was the form of a woman; but a watery moon afforded the hunter a poor view of the features. A long, white robe, the ends of which hung over the sides of the canoe, covered the spirit form, and two white feathers towered above the head. Long midnight tresses fell upon a white bosom, and presented, in the strange light, a vivid, wild and ghastly contrast.

Many a fantastic movement the canoe executed under the guidance of its strange occupant, which the hunter believed to be a spirit.

At last, and very suddenly, it disappeared near the opposite shore, and for some time Forsyth believed that his optics had deceived him. He looked again, but the canoe had really disappeared—where, he could not tell. Trying in vain to solve the mysterious disappearance to his mental satisfaction, he hurried to the southern shore of the lake; but nothing rewarded his search—not a single trace of the canoe could be found.

"To-morrow night," said he to himself, as he walked from the lake. "I'll solve the mystery. I'll send a bullet after the occupant of the canoe, which will prove if she is a spirit or not."

"Did I promise the story? Well, if I did I'll tell it, but I'll swar' I'd rather take a dose of the nastiest kind o' medicine, for it makes my old bones shake to think o' that cussed cat as the half-breed set onto me."

"That war five of us trappin' in shares, that winter, an' one of the party war a half-breed—Canadian, Frenchman, Injun, an' I ain't sartin' but that war some nigger, all mixed up, an' a nice mess it made! But to

think of it, he was in the country of the warlike Twitees; but he did not fear disturbance while he slept. He did not

think of any thing save the phantom of the forest, which he had seen and marveled at.

It was broad day when Forsyth was suddenly awakened by a falling bough. The fire was not entirely extinguished—the end of one stick was still burning, and sent a volume of smoke curling toward the tops of the trees.

The young hunter had not yet gained his feet, when the sound of rapid footsteps started him. He was up in an instant, and held a white-robed form darting through the forest with the swiftness of a frightened doe.

"The spirit!" he cried, recognizing the white robe. "The spirit of the lake!"

His trusty rifle had struck his shoulder, and the next instant the ball slid from the barrel.

A white hand grasped a tress of raven hair, and the white robe fell to the ground.

The "spirit" paused, and then confronted the astonished hunter. Before he could collect his scattered senses, the white form was bounding toward him, and in one leap lay one of the long, black curls.

It took but another minute for them to meet, and Forsyth threw his gun at his feet, and started back against a circular knoll, in the center of which slept, perhaps, a great Twitee chief. And then his astonishment did not diminish when the curl was thrust into his hand, and he beheld its owner gaze shudderingly upon it with clasped hands.

"Now that warn't no cause for the Canadian to git mad over such a little thing, so I begin to think that war suthin' be hind all this, an' determined to see what it war."

"I warn't long in findin' out, neither; an' what do you think the reason he war so lucky?"

"Why, the mean skunk war robbin' my traps, an' puttin' the game into his own!"

You see, he would slip off afore daylight, visit my traps, that war close to whar his war, an' then arter cleaning them he'd creep back an' go out with me at the reg'lar time.

"But, I caught him at it, an' you better believe that half-breed got the all-fired lickin' that war heard on, an' besides that he war kicked out of camp an' told to

the woods!"

"Lordy!" but the feller war mad, an' when he had got a little way off, he jess turned round an' shook his fist at us, as much as to say "I'll get even with you for this," an' then went out o' sight, "cross the river."

"Better watch that half-breed, Rube," said Tom. "Bert Hanley, to me, but I only larid at him, an' thought no more of the matter, at least fur a time. But, if warn't long before suthin' happened that fetched him back to my mind."

"A'ry one mornin', when I war handlin' a trap, stooping down over it, crack went a rifle from 't other side of the river, an' off went my old castor, with a bullet-hole through it."

"It must be gettin' on toward the middle of the night," he muttered at last, seating himself at the foot of the tree. "And the phantom has not made its appearance. But

such could not be the case. He compared her skin to that of the Indians, and she then believed that she had been stolen, probably from one of the settlements on the St. Lawrence, when she was a babe.

With the discovery of her true descent came a desire to leave the Twitees, and live once more among her own people.

Together they fled, and after many thrilling adventures, succeeded in reaching Mitchell's fort, on the boundary river. Tom Fuller was the first to grasp Forsyth's hand.

"For once, boy, I've turned out a false prophet," he cried, "and I thank the good Lord that I have. You'll marry the spirit, won't you, Jud?"

"Nonsense, Tom," cried the hunter. "I'll do no such thing. I shall never marry."

"Jud Forsyth, you lie!" cried the old hunter. "I see it in your eye."

Whether Tom saw the falsehood in Forsyth's eye or not, he was correct, for the young hunter subsequently wedded, as he persisted in calling his love, the Spirit of the Forest, who, having no surname to change, became *Curlie Forsyth*. And the great forest was haunted no more.

**A Good Love Story.**—The divine passion will have a startling exposition in a tale of to-day, soon to be commenced in our columns, from the pen of a powerful and highly popular writer. Since the days of "Fashion and Famine," nothing has been given more real and impressive as a photograph of heart and passion life. It is one of the good things we have reserved for our guests.

## Camp-Fire Yarns.

## Old Rube and the Mad "Cat."

"COME now, Rube, you promised us the story about the half-breed and his cat, and now is the very time for it," said, cooing, while the old ranger was cutting up his "nigger-head" into small bits preparatory to filling his pipe.

"Did I promise the story? Well, if I did

I'll tell it, but I'll swar' I'd rather take a dose of the nastiest kind o' medicine, for it makes my old bones shake to think o' that cussed cat as the half-breed set onto me."

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